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of Philadelphia, grandam Elder of the United States Gazette, on the "Responsibilities of Learning," was one of the most favorable essays; it was an able essayist, in this suitable, dignified, ornate and instructive dissertation, which was mingled with beautiful and lofty thoughts and sterling language, clothed with a purity, precision and eloquence, did not fail to excite the admiration—add to this an easy, natural, earnest, pleasing delivery. The address is to be remembered. The immense throng that assembled to witness the exercises, was well calculated to serve to exhibit the high standing of Washington College in the estimation and affections of the community at large, where her spacious buildings presented no circumstances to admit of within its walls, excepting the occasional coming and going of both sexes from all quarters, at home and abroad. The Faculty consists of 7 Professors and a Tutor, forming a galaxy of Teachers, distinguished not only by their own attainments, mind in ascending the steep of lore, but by their scrupulousness the morals and improve the general demeanor of those entrusted to their care.

The yearly catalogue shows 190 students; 110 males and 80 females, prepared for the prosperity and increasing fame and popularity of an Institution that has to encounter the competition of a powerful rival but 7 miles off. The New College has only a few miles further westward, and is much more extensive, much enlarged and modified, so as to add greatly to the tasteful appearance of the exterior. Even the several improvements now going on are far from being unbecomingly executed.

The examination of the Female Seminary opened on Tuesday the 26th, and closed on Thursday following, with an interval of one day to assist some of the commencement onesidedly.

The exercises commenced on Friday morning were throughout highly gratifying. The examination was conducted with energy and ability on the part of the teachers, as well as with such tact and discretion in answering on the part of the pupils, as to excite no hostile acquaintance with the several branches on which they were rigidly and impartially catechised, to such extent. Intermingled with the examination of the sciences, was vocal music, and instrumental music, and compositions which exemplify and confirm the remark that woman is possessed, not only of the finer feelings of nature, but also of a superior degree, but also of intellect susceptible to rapid improvement and cultivation. The valedictory by a member of the graduating class was chaste, appropriate, and so touching as to draw the tear from many an eye. Some of the exercises were collected to witness the imposing transactions incident to this occasion. The Teachers and Pupils of the Institution gave a Concert of vocal and instrumental music, on Wednesday evening, for the purpose raising money to build a new library; which was well attended—some \$50 were obtained for the laudable object.

Twenty-one young ladies, after having been examined in the usual manner, and passed by the Board, were presented with the testimonials of their Alma Mater. This is the largest class that has yet graduated at Washington Female Seminary, and is a high credit to the condition, showing an annual average of some 170 pupils. The respective Professorships are well filled. Miss Foster, the Principal, appears to us of the numerous degree the requisite qualifications, for a faithful and efficient discharge of her delicate and important post. Parents abroad need have no complaint in placing their daughters under the tuition of so talented, experienced and a pious lady, and so sagacious and successful a disciplinarian. The Seminary buildings are located in a delightful, airy, retired portion of the town, are commodious and handsome.

Washington, the seat of the location of the College and Seminary, and the Shire-town of Washington Co., Pa., contains over 9000 inhabitants, and is generally considered a place of moral, intelligent and enterprising; the town is handsome and easy of access in all directions and in point of cheapness of living, salubrious climate, and healthy air, it is well adapted to other respect, is admirably suited for the purposes of education.

AMICUS.

Clayville, Pa., Oct. 5th, 1847.

### Political Movements.

The Christian Union, C. Secretary thinks that the determination of South Carolina to resist, all hazards, any invasion of Southern Rights, has brought Northern Politicians to panic.

A regular correspondent of this Journal thinks "the resistance men of 1847"—that is, the rulers of South Carolina, did wrong in yielding to a compromise. Danton's specific is urged by him. To dare, to dare, and still to dare. The reason assigned, is that "slaves holders cannot be convinced with safety."

The Whig Convention of Massachusetts refused to pass the following resolution offered by Hon. J. G. Palfrey:

*Resolved*, That Whigs Massachusetts support no man as candidate for the office of President or Vice President, but those who are known by their acts or declared opinions to be opposed to the extension of slavery.

The resolution caused much angry debate and some sharp charges and retorts. The minority, however, made no active opposition to the action of the Convention.

The Democratic Convention of New York was of a stormier character. But the portion known as the "old hunkers" carried the day—though the minority is said to be the most powerful in the State. The Willnot Proviso was voted down—and the following candidates named: For Controller—Orville Hungerford, Jefferson do Secy—Edward Sanford, New York do Atty General—Levi S. Chaffield, Otsego do Treasurer—Geo. W. Cayler, Wayne, do State Engineer—A. W. Childs, Oneida, do Canal Com.—John C. Mather, Rensselaer do Inspectors of State Prison—John Fishel, Westchester, Gen. Caldwell, Montgomery and Norman H. Smith, New York.

The following resolutions of Michigan were adopted:

"While we concede the right of each of the Independent States of the Union to legislate with regard to its own peculiar institution, and are willing to abide by the compromises of the Constitution on the subject of slavery, we are equally determined to oppose every effort to extend slavery over the territory of the United States and we will by all constitutional means resist the introduction of slavery into any territory now or hereafter to be acquired by the United States by conquest, purchase, or otherwise, to free people, in their march of conquest and acquisition, bearing the loads of slavery, and planting social and domestic ills wherever it flag is unfurled, and we would appeal to the public sympathy might well rejoice as furnishing unanswerable evidence of the hypocrisy of Republicans."

The New Jersey Whigs say in their State Convention:

"That the people of the State of New Jersey are opposed to the annexation of more territory to the South; that we will fade faithfully by our vision of the future, and the political position of our Southern partners to the first without our consent, and for the purpose of destroying our weight in it, the calling in of the unknown and half-civilized States of Mexico, and the bringing them into our sphere of influence or superior to our own, is an infamous and most intolerable insult and outrage."

This is not in the true tone of the Jersey Blues. "Indue preponderance" "for the purpose of destroying our weight!" This is narrow, sectional, and sinks the higher question of duty, right, out of sight! We do not like!

The Democracy of Massachusetts held a Convention voted down Sumner Walker's resolution:

*Resolved*, That the principles of a sound Democracy demanding of the Democratic party firm and unwavering opposition to the extension of slavery in any territory hereafter acquired by the United States;

Yet they said, That the cornerstone of all republican institutions is the unalienable freedom and equality of all men; that the American Republic is founded on the principle of universal liberty, and that the political blessings thereof are secured by the following:

"This," says the Charleston Mercury, in bitter irony, "may be considered the corner-stone of Massachusetts Democracy."

The Whigs have held several meetings in Georgia. Thut at Dahlonega, in the upland was the largest. Judge BRANKE spoke, and considered the old issues—national bank, tariff, distribution of the public lands—as are in abeyance or settled. He denounced the Mexican war and "the firebrand" which the Northern Democracy would throw into the country in the shape of the Wilmot Proviso. He was for more territory. "Far better," said he "to go with our Whig brethren of the North, leave our weak and distracted sister republic to the possession of her territory, and save the Constitution and the country."

The Liberty State Convention of New York have nominated their candidates for State offices.

The Indiana, New Hampshire, and Connecticut Liberty Conventions have met, and appointed delegates, &c., for the Buffalo Convention.

The Delegation, in Maryland, stands as follows:

*Dist. New Members. Old Members.*

I—John G. Chapman, John G. Chapman  
II—John J. Linn, John J. Linn  
III—Thos. W. Malone, Thos. W. Malone  
IV—Rosa' M. Leane, Wm. F. Giles  
V—Alexander Evans, Albert Constable,  
VI—J. W. Christfield, Edward Long.

*Democrats in seats, Caps.*

The elections in other States previous to this in Maryland showed a total of 110 Whigs—2 Independents, (viz: Petrie of New York, Tuck of New Hampshire, and Lakin of Ohio); 100 Democrats, (Lewis of Penn); 38 Democrats and vacancies in Ohio and Michigan, which will be filled by Democrats. The Maryland election adds 4 to the Whigs and 2 to the Democrats—Southerners in the House. The Maryland House will probably choose two Whigs and six Democrats.

The probable state of parties in the House when complete, may be set down as follows:

Whigs, 114; Democrats, 140; Natives, 100.

Total, 354.

Should Messrs. Tuck and Lakin, Independent members, vote with the Whigs, as we think they will, the Whig majority in the House will be 6 without counting Mr. Levin (Native) who we decidedly oppose to the Administration. The Southern members, Joseph Stedman and others, also act against the Administration on some questions.

The Whig Convention of New York has just adjourned. It nominated—

For Governor, Millard Fillmore, Erie.  
" Lt. Governor, Hamilton Fish, N. Y.  
" State State, Rich. Morgan, Cayuga.  
" Attorney Gen. Ambrose L. Jordan, N. Y.  
" Treasurer, Alvah Hunt, Chenango.  
" State Engineer, Chas. B. Stewart, Monroe.  
" Canal Commis- Jacob Hinds, Orleans.  
" Inspectors, Nelson J. Beach, Lewis.  
" Inspectors, John C. Thompson, Chenango.  
" State Prison, D. D. Spencer, Tompkins.  
" Inspectors, J. N. Constock, Albany.  
" Inspectors, J. B. Geday, Westchester.

In their address the Whigs of the Convention say:

"The constitution as it is, and the country as it is, are the only basis on which the Whigs of the North are constitutionalists of the constitution in its essence, and in its very word and letter. The fell and mischievous results of abolitionism are no where better understood, or more completely than in New York. But we will not pour out the blood of our countrymen, if we can help it, to turn a *flee* into a *slaved* soil. We will not spend from *fifty* to a *hundred* millions of dollars per year to make a slave market for the support of our countrymen. We will never, for such a purpose, consent to run up an untold national debt, and saddle our posterity with fund-mongers, tax-brokers, tax-gatherers, and a host of imposters, to accomplish the taste, touch, or let by the Union. We are, the whole Union, and NOTHING but the Union we will stand by to the last—but No *Mora* Territory is our watch-word—unless it be FREE."

The resolution passed was in conformity with this extract. It affirms loyalty to the constitution as it is, but "an uncompromising hostility to the extension of slavery into any territory now free."

"The convention met and parted in entire harmony."

We close our notice of political movements with stating the singular fact, that the Charleston Mercury lauds Mr. Dallas' speech "as the best yet," while the Albany Atlas insists that he has thrown his weight against Mr. Buchanan and slavery!

**Mexico.**

It must be a matter of deep regret, to every humane mind, that the war with Mexico, now not arrested by the Powers that be, after the amity. On the first page, the reader will find documents touching the efforts made to secure peace. Below we give other documents, the reading of which will occasion, we are sure, deeper pain to every ingenuous bosom, at the thought that more blood is to be shed between sister Republics, ere peace can be less than.

*To his Excellency Senor D. Nicholas P. Triunfo, Commissioner, with full powers of the Government of the United States, near the Government of the Republic of Mexico.*

RECEIVED AT ALBUQUERQUE, Sept. 6.

The undersigned, numerous members of the Mexican Republic, to form with you an agreement of peace, in placing in your hands the present project which they have formed in accordance with the last instructions of the Government, deem it opportune to accompany it with the observations which this note contains, which will serve to show more clearly the pacific disposition of Mexico in the contest which unfortunately divides both countries.

Article 4 of the project which you were pleased to deliver to us on the evening of the 25th ult., and which was discussed at our previous conference, imports the cession of part of Mexico to the United States of Texas. We are in the territory without the limits of the said State, which extends to the left bank of the Bravo to the Southern boundary of New Mexico. 3. California. 4th. Of the two California.

The war which now exists has been caused solely on account of the territory of the State of Texas, which the Republic of North America has ceded to the United States of Texas, which it annexed itself to the North American confederacy, after having proclaimed its independence of Mexico. The Mexican Republic regretting (as we have manifested to you) that it does not account of the growing independence and pretensions of the Government at Washington to the territory of Texas, the cause of the war has disappeared, and it should cease since all the causes of the war have ceased to exist. In regard to the other articles comprehended in the 4th article of your project, until now the Republic of North America has urged us not to do it, nor did we believe it possible that any other Republic should have consented to do it, and that by right of conquest, or by that which would result from sale or cession, to which would now force Mexico. But as we are persuaded that the Republic of Washington would not consent to the cession of the territory of Texas, the first of these titles; and as, on the other hand, it would be a new thing that they should be made upon a people for the simple reason that the Republic of Texas had not consented to purchase; we hope from the justice of the Government and People of North America, that the great modification which we have to propose of the cession of territory (which we have already proposed) should be considered as a modification article 4, will not be considered a motive for continuing a war which the worthy general of the North American forces has justly characterized as a conference.

It is our desire to declare that Mexico cannot cede the belt of land comprehended between the left bank of the Bravo and the right of the Neuces. The reason for this, is not only the full certainty that the states of Texas and California have ceded to the State of Texas, but that it is of great value, considered in itself. It is that this zone with the Bravo to the back forms the natural frontier of Mexico.

The preservation of this territory is according to our instructions a condition sine qua non for peace. Sentiments of honor and delicacy demand that we should not allow ourselves to estimate improperly more than a calculation of interest prevent our Government from consenting to the dismemberment of New Mexico. Our policy was to allow it to be superfluous to say anything which we have already stated to you in our conference.

The cession of Lower California, little profitable to North America, offers great embarrassments to the United States. The Republic of Chile, on the other hand, opposite our coasts of Sonora, from which it is separated by the Gulf of Cortes.

You have given to our observations on the subject their true value, and we have learned with satisfaction that you have been convinced by them.

Besides the preservation of Lower California, it would be necessary for Mexico to retain a portion of the Upper California, so that she could remain without land communication with the remainder of the Republic, which would all ways be a great embarrassment, especially for a nation maritime power such as Mexico. The compensation which we offer to her consists for our government (for the compensation) will not bring to the United States merely fertile lands and intact mineral wealth but present and future advantages to unintermitted communication with the territory, and the independence of the government of Washington, and the energy of the American people, will know how to draw abundant fruits from the acquisition of this territory.

In Art. 8 of your project, the concession of free passage by the Isthmus of Tehuantepec to the southern sea is claimed in favor of the North Americans. We have verbally stated to you that we were not prepared to grant such a privilege of this kind to a particular individual, who afterwards transferred with the authority of the same government to English subjects, of the right which Mexico cannot dispose of without complaint; therefore that in this point we cannot accede to the desires of your government.

We have entered into this ingenuous explanation, which has had the result, contrary to all the territory beyond the boundaries of Texas which is required of it, because we desire that the government and North American people should be convinced that our partial negative disposition towards one country is not generated by the events of this war, or by what it has caused Mexico to suffer, but only from considerations dictated by reason and justice, which will not influence it at any time, even though the most friendly relations amidst of relations of the strictest amity. The other alterations which you will find in our counter project are of less importance, and we believe they will be adopted without objection. The contents of Art. 12 have been already spoken of in your country; we flatter ourselves that your government will not refuse to contract an obligation so conformable to honor, and to the interests in which two neighboring people should live.

Peace between the two countries will be most solemnly established, if a foreign power (England), which has in that respect come so suddenly into its game office, would now consent to guaranty the faithful observance of the treaty which may be entered into. The government of Mexico understands that it would be convenient to accept such a guarantee.

Our government has commanded us to recommend to you that your decision upon the counter project which we have the honor to submit to you should be communicated within three days.

The salutary work of peace cannot, in our opinion, come to a happy termination, if each one of the contending parties should not resolve to abandon some of its original pretensions. There has all cases happened, and all nations have not hesitated in such cases to make great sacrifices to extinguish the devastating flame of war. Mexico and the United States have especially done so for the first time. It is impossible without sorrow ought we to confess that we are giving to humanity the scandalous example of two Christian people, of two Republics, in the view of all the monarchies, who, for a dispute concerning a few square miles of territory, have inflicted all the injury that is possible, when we have more land than is sufficient to populate and cultivate in the beautiful hemisphere in which Providence has placed us. We earnestly recommend these considerations to your Excellency before you may take any definitive resolution on our propositions. We do ourselves the honor to offer to you our attention and respect.

[Signed] JOSE JAQUIN DE HERILERA  
BERNARDO COITO,  
JOSE ANTONIO MALLAMILLAN,  
MIGUEL ATRISTAIN.

Most Excellent Sir.—Although each day we have seen with anxiety the progress of the negotiation that which occurred in our conference with the most excellent Sr. Nicholas P. Trist Commissioner with full powers for the United States, we nevertheless deem it opportune to restate here in writing that which we have had the honor to report verbally, at length.

On the evening of the 27th ult., we met for the first time, in the village of Atzacapotlan, the person whom we had previously found those of Sr. Trist most ample for the settlement of all existing differences between Mexico and the United States for the arrangement of the boundaries of both countries, and for defining the rights of the respective governments in receiving the propositions of his government if he came in writing, and to make a memorandum of them jointly with him if he were unable to send in writing. He made several observations concerning the limitation of our powers, we satisfied him by declaring that when the time for negotiation should arrive a complete authorization should be procured from the President of the Republic, and the project of a treaty, which that same night was placed in the hands of the President. In conclusion, we proposed to Sr. Trist to choose the place for our third conference, and counting five (quinta) situated in a favorable position near Chapultepec, and least distant from Tacubaya where he had his residence, and from Mexico where we situated ours. We agreed to notify him of the date of our meeting, and to remain summoned for the following day.

The next conference was reduced to deciding that we were agreed concerning the contrary house (quinta) which had been chosen, and appointing for our third meeting, Wednesday, the 29th inst. We proceeded to examine the intermediate data to examine with due deliberation the project presented, to take its resolution upon it, and to give us the instructions which we should conform.

On Wednesday, the 29th inst., we submitted the project to the Supreme Government with powers conferred upon us, and entered with Senior Trist into a long, although calm, discussion upon the principal points of the project, which was concluded at four o'clock, after which we attended to the events we have already informed the Supreme Government. The point at which the negotiation stopped was this: Sr. Trist showed a disposition to abandon his first pretensions to Lower California, and a price for the rest of the territory, that a land communication might be preserved between it (Lower California), and the State of Sonora. He offered that if there should occur any change in the political situation of the Republic relative to the territory between the Bravo and the Neches he would consult his Government concerning it, with some hope of a favorable result, even if it should occasion delay of forty or fifty days. On our side, the cession of New Mexico was a condition to which we could not agree, nor even submit new to a consultation in Washington, and we considered it fully certain that the Mexican Government would continue to insist on the sine qua non of peace. The other points touched upon in the project, appear to us easily settled—such at least was the opinion which we formed of them.

The Supreme Government having considered what had taken place, your Excellency communicated to us in your note of yesterday, a final resolution, conformably to which, and with the approbation of the Cabinet, we immediately returned to Sr. Trist, and advised him that the counter project and note, copies of which are subjoined, Nos. 1. and 2. Without further discussion, he offered to give his answer thereto, which he has done, a copy of which is subjoined, numbered No. 3. The Supreme Government has honored us, although in a manner contrary to what we sincerely desired.

It only remains for us to say, that in our relation to the project, we have been actuated by motives to appreciate his noble character, and at any time the work of peace should be consummated, it will be by means of negotiation effected by estimating equitably the merits of each opinion. Distinguishing the Minister, we are pleased to report all that has taken place

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# LITERARY EXAMINER.

## The Blind Boy.

It was a blessed summer day.  
The flowers bloomed—the air was mild.  
The little birds poured forth their lay,  
And every thing in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on  
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade,  
Till suddenly I came upon a boy,  
Two children lying hand and hand strayed.

Just at an aged birch-tree's foot  
A little boy and girl reclined;  
His hand in hers she kindly put,  
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near,  
A tree concealed me from their view,  
But all they said I well could hear,  
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,  
"That little bird sings very loud;  
Safely, do you see him in his joy?  
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,  
"I see the bird on yonder tree."  
The poor boy sighed, and gently said—  
"Sister, I wish that I could see."

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,  
And bright green leaves are on the trees,  
And pretty birds are singing there—  
How beautiful for one who sees!"

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,  
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,  
And I can hear the notes that swell  
From those dear birds that God has made."

"So, sister, God to me is kind,  
Though sightless, I am not given;  
But tell me, are there any blind  
Among the children up in heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward, there are none;  
But why ask me a thing so odd?"  
"Oh, Mary, it's so good to me,  
I thought I'd like to look at God."

Ever long, his hand he laid  
On that dear boy so meek and mild;  
His widow's mother wept and prayed  
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,  
And said—"Oh, never weep for me,  
I'm going to a bright, bright place,  
Where Mary says I God shall see."

"And you'll be there, dear Mary, too;  
But whether, when you get up there,  
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you  
You know I never saw you here."

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled  
Until the final hour was given,  
When God took up that poor blind child,  
And opened his eyes in Heaven.

## The Land-Plow.

In 1835 and 1836, a fever of speculation in land took place in the West. Both the speculators and the "land-hunters" who helped them in the business of their purchases, were odious to the actual settlers, because, by thus buying up land, they threatened to maintain a wilderness round the clearing for years—a serious disadvantage to these already too solitary men. So much being promised, and with the additional knowledge that the land-hunters were generally very hospitable, the reader will appreciate the humor of the following sketch.

It was at the height of the fever that Mr. Willoughby, a respectable-looking middle-aged man, riding a jaded horse, and carrying with him blankets, valises, saddle-bags, and holsters, stopped in front of a rough log-house, and accosted its tall and meagre tenant.

"This individual, and his dwelling resembled each other in an unusual degree. The house was, as we have said of the roughest; its ribs scarcely half filled in with clay; its 'floored and windowed raggedness' rendered more conspicuous by the tattered cotton sheets which had long done duty as glass, and which now fluttered in every breeze; its roof of oak shingles, warped into every possible curve; and its sick chimney, so like its owner's hat, opened at the top, and jammed in at the sides; all shadowed forth the contour and equipments of the exceedingly and self-satisfied person who leaned on the fence, and snapped his long cart-whip, while he gave such answers as suited him to the gentleman in the India-rubbers, taking especial care not to invite him to alight.

"Can you tell me, my friend,"—he civilly began to Mr. Willoughby.

"Oh! friend!" interrupted the settler; "who told you that I was your friend? Friends is scum in these parts."

"You have at least no reason to be otherwise," replied the traveller, who was blessed with a very patient temper, especially where there was no use in getting angry.

"What don't know that," was the reply.

"What fetch'd you into these woods?"

"If I should say 'my horse,' the answer would perhaps be as civil as this question."

"Just as you like," said the other, turning on his heel, and walking off.

responded Miss Malvina, coolly, as she passed into the house, leaving at every step a full impression of her foot in the same black mud that covered her sister from head to foot.

The latter was saluted with a hearty cuff, as she emerged from the puddle; and it was just at the propitious moment when her shrill howl aroused the echoes, that Mr. Willoughby, having reached the threshold, was obliged to set about making the agreeable to the mamma. And he called up for the occasion all his politeness.

"I believe I must become an intruder on your hospitality for the night, madam," he began. The dame still looked at the pig. Mr. Willoughby tried again, in less courtly phrase.

"Will it be convenient for you to lodge me to night, ma'am? I have been disappointed in my search for a hunting-party, whom I had engaged to meet, and the night threatens a storm."

"I don't know nuthin' about it, you must ask the old man," said the lady, now for the first time taking a survey of the new comer; "with my wife, we'll lodge no body."

This was not very encouraging, but it was a poor night for the woods; so our traveller persevered, and making so bold a push for the door that the lady was obliged to retreat a little, he entered, and said he would await her husband's coming.

And in truth he could scarcely blame the cool reception he had experienced, when he beheld the state of affairs within those muddy precincts. The room was large, but it swarmed with human beings. The huge open fire-place, with its hearth of rough stone, occupied nearly the whole of one end of the apartment; and near it stood a long cradle, containing a pair of twins, who cried—a sort of hopeless cry, as if they knew it would do no good, yet they could not help it.

The schoolmaster, (it was his week,) sat reading a tattered novel, and rocking the cradle occasionally, when the children cried too loud. An old gray-headed Indian was curiously crouched over a large tub, shelling corn on the edge of a hoe; but he ceased his noisy employment when he saw the stranger, for no Indian will ever willingly be seen at work, though he may be sometimes compelled by the fear of starvation or the longing for whisky, to degrade himself by labor.

Near the only window was placed the work-bench and entire paraphernalia of the shoemaker, who in these regions travels from house to house, shoeing the family and mending the harness as he goes, with various interludes of songs and jokes, ever new and acceptable. This one, who was a little, bald, twinkling-eyed fellow, made the smoky rafters ring with the burden of that favorite ditty of the west:

"All kinds of game to hunt, my boys, also the back and doe,  
All down by the banks of the river O-hi-o;  
And children of all sizes, elver O-hi-o;  
And children of all sizes, elver O-hi-o."

The supper-table, which maintained its place in the midst of this living and restless mass, might remind one of the square stone lying buried in the bustling leaves of the acanthus; but the associations would be any but those of Corinthian elegance. The only object which at that moment diversified its dingy surface was an iron hoop, into which the mistress of the feast proceeded to turn a quantity of smoking hot potatoes, adding after a bowl of salt, and another of pork fat, by courtesy denominated gravy; plates and knives dropped in afterward, at the discretion of the company.

Another call of "Pop! pop!" brought in the host from the pig-sty; the heavy rain which had now begun to fall, having, no doubt, expedited the performance of the chores. Mr. Willoughby, who had established himself resolutely, took advantage of a very cloudy ascent from the proprietor, to lead his horse to a shed, and to deposit in a corner his cumbersome outer gear; while the company used in turn the iron skillet which served as a wash-basin, dipping the water from a large trough outside, overflowing with the abundant drippings of the eaves. Those who had no pocket handkerchiefs, contented themselves with a nondescript article which seemed to stand for the family towel; and when this ceremony was concluded, all seriously addressed themselves to the demolition of the potatoes. The grown people were accommodated with chairs and chests; the children prosecuted a series of flying raids upon the good cheer, snatching a potato now and then as they could find an opening under the raised arm of one of the family, and then retreating to the chimney corner, tossing the hot prize from hand to hand, and blowing it stoutly the while. The old Indian had disappeared.

To our citizen, though he felt inconveniently hungry, this primitive meal seemed a little meagre; and he ventured to ask if he could not be accommodated with some tea.

"An't my victuals good enough for you?"

"Oh!—the potatoes are excellent, but I am very fond of tea."

"So be it, but I can't have every thing I want—can you?"

This produced a laugh from the shoe-maker, who seemed to think his patron very witty, while the schoolmaster, not knowing but the stranger might happen to be one of his examiners next year, produced only a faint giggle, and then reducing his countenance instantly to an awful gravity, helped himself to his seventh potato.

The rain which now poured violently, not only outside but through many a crevice in the roof, naturally kept Mr. Willoughby cool; and finding that dry potatoes gave him the hiccups, he withdrew from the table, and seated himself on the shoemaker's bench, took a survey of his quarters.

Two double beds and the long cradle seemed all the sleeping apparatus; but there was a ladder which doubled led to a lodging above. The sides of the room were hung with abundance of decent clothing, and the dresser was well stored with the usual articles, among which a tea-pot and carter shone conspicuously; so that the appearance of inhospitality could not arise from poverty, and Mr. Willoughby concluded to set it down to the account of rustic ignorance.

The eating ceased not until the hoop was empty, and then the company rose and stretched themselves, and began to guess it was about time to go to bed. Mr. Willoughby inquired what was to be done with his horse.

"Well! I s'pose he can stay where he is."

"But what can he have to eat?"

"I reckon you won't get nothing for him, without you turn him out on the mash."

"He would get off to a certainty!"

But to the "mash" was the good steed dispatched, ingloriously hampered with the privilege of munching wild grass in the rain, after his day's journey.

Then came the question of lodging for his master. The lady, who had by this time drawn out a trundle-bed, and packed it full of children, said there was no bed for him, unless he could sleep "up chamber" with the boys.

Mr. Willoughby declared that he should make out very well with a blanket by the fire.

"Well! just as you like," said his host; "but Solomon sleeps there, and if you like to sleep by Solomon, it is more than I should."

This was the name of the old Indian, and Mr. Willoughby once more cast woful glances toward the ladder.

But now the schoolmaster, who seemed rather disposed to be civil, declared that he could sleep very well in the long cradle, and would relinquish his place beside the shoemaker to the guest, who was obliged to content himself with this arrangement, which was such as was most usual in these times.

The storm continued through the night, and many a crash in the woods attested its power. The sound of a storm in the dense forest is almost precisely similar to that of a heavy surge breaking on a rocky beach; and when our traveller awoke, it was only to dream of wreck and disaster at sea, and to wake in horror and affright. The wild rain drove in at every crevice, and wet the poor children in its eddies, and they crawled shivering down the ladder, and stretched themselves on the hearth, regardless of Solomon, who had returned after the others were in bed.

But morning came at last; and our friend who had no desire farther to test the vagrant hospitality of a western settler, was not among the latest stir. The storm had partially subsided; and although the clouds still lowered angrily, and his saddle had enjoyed the benefit of a leak in the roof during the night, Mr. Willoughby resolved to push on as far as the next clearing, at least, hoping for something for breakfast besides potatoes and salt. It took him a weary while to find his horse, and when he saddled him, and strapped on his various accoutrements, he entered the house, and enquired what he was to pay for his entertainment—laying somewhat of a stress on the last word.

His host, nothing daunted, replied that he guessed he would let him off for a dollar.

Mr. Willoughby took up his purse, and as he placed a silver dollar in the leather palm outspread to receive it, happened to look toward the hearth, and perceiving the preparations for a very substantial breakfast, the long pent-up vexation burst forth.

"I really must say, Mr. Pepper—his began: his tone was certainly that of an angry man, but it only made his host laugh.

"If this is your boasted western hospitality, I can tell you—"

"You'd better tell me what the dickens you are pepping me up this fashion for! My name isn't Pepper, no more than yours is! May be that is your name, you seem pretty warm."

"Your name not Pepper! Pray, what is it then?"

"Ah! there's the thing now! You land-hunters ought to know such things without asking."

"Land-hunter! I'm no land-hunter!"

"Well! you're a land-shark, then—swallowing up poor men's farms. The less I see of such cattle, the better I'm pleased."

"Confound you!" said Mr. Willoughby, who waxed warm, "I tell you I've nothing to do with land. I wouldn't take your whole state for a gift."

"What did you tell my woman you was a land-hunter for, then?"

And now the whole matter became clear in a moment; and it was found that Mr. Willoughby's equipment, with the mention of a "hunting party," had completely misled both host and hostess. And to do them justice, never were regret and vexation more heartily expressed.

"You needn't judge our new country folks by me," said Mr. Handy, for such proved to be his name; "my man in these parts would be as soon bit off his own nose, as to snub a civil traveller that wanted a supper and a night's lodging. But somehow or other, your lots 'o' fixin', and your askin' after that 'ere Pepper—one of the worst of land-sharks we've ever had here—made me mad; and I know I treated you worse than an Indian."

"Humph!" said Solomon.

"But," continued the host, "you shall see whether my old woman can't set a good breakfast, when she's a mind to. Come, you shan't stir a step till you've had breakfast; and just take back this plaguey dollar. I wonder it didn't burn my fingers when I took it."

Mr. Handy set forth his very best, and a famous breakfast it was, considering the time. And before it was finished, the hunting party made their appearance, having had some difficulty in finding their companion, who had made no very uncommon mistake as to section corners and town-lines.

## From the London Weekly Dispatch.

### Moral Comment.

Ye who would save your features florid,  
Little limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead,  
From age's devastation horrid,  
Adopt this plan—  
'Twill make, in climates cold or torrid,  
A hale old man.

Avoid in youth luxurious diet;  
Refrain the passions' lawless riot;  
Devoted to domestic quiet,  
Be wisely gay;  
So shall ye, spite of age's fiat  
Resist decay.

Seek not in mammon's worship pleasure,  
But find your richest, dearest treasure  
In books, friends, music, polished leisure:  
The mind, not sense,  
Makes the sole scale by which ye measure  
Your opulence.

This is the solace—this the science—  
Life's purest, sweetest, best alliance,  
That disappoints not man's reliance,  
What's his estate;  
But challenges, with calm defiance,  
Time, fortune, fate.

### A Pretty Thought.

The night is mother of the day,  
The winter of the spring;  
And ever upon old decay  
The greatest mosses cling.  
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,  
The shadow shows the sunshine full;  
For God, who leaveth all his works,  
Has left his hopes with all!

### The Life of a Naturalist.

BY JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

THE ADVENTURES AND VICISSITUDES which have fallen to my lot, instead of tending to diminish the fervid enthusiasm of my nature, have imparted a toughness to my body, constitution, naturally strong, and to my mind naturally buoyant, an elasticity such as to assure me that though somewhat old, and considerably denuded in the frontal region, I could yet perform on foot a journey of any length, were I sure that I should thereby add materially to our knowledge of the ever interesting creatures which have for so long a time occupied my thoughts by day, and filled my dreams with pleasant images. Nay, reader, had I a new lease of life presented to me, I should choose for the very occupations in which I have been engaged.

And, reader, the life which I have led has been in some respects a singular one. Think of a person, intent on such pursuits as mine have been, aroused at early dawn from his rude couch on the alder-fringed bank of some northern valley, or in the midst of some yet unexplored forest of the Florida shores, and listening to the pleasing melodies of songsters innumerable, relishing the magnificent orb, from whose radiant influence the creatures of many worlds receive life and light. Refreshed and reinvigorated by healthful rest, he starts upon his feet, gathers up his store of curiosities, buckles on his knapsack, should his trusty fire-lock, says a kind word to his faithful dog, and re-commences his pursuit of zoological knowledge. Now the morning is spent, and a squirrel or a trout afford him a repast. Should the day be warm, he reposes for a while under the shade of some tree. The woodland chorists again burst forth into song, and he stands again to wander where his fancy may direct him, or the objects of his search may lead him in pursuit. When evening approaches, and the birds are seen betaking themselves to the retreats, he looks for some place of safety, erects his shed of green boughs, kindles his fire, prepares his meal, and as the widgeon or blue-winged teal, or perhaps the breast of a turkey or a steak of venison, sends its delicious perfumes abroad, he enters into his parchment-bound journal the remarkable incidents and facts that have occurred in the course of the day. Darkness has now drawn her sable curtain over the scene; his repast is finished, and kneeling on the earth, he raises his soul to Heaven, grateful for the protection that has been granted to him, and the sense of the divine presence in this solitary place. Then wishing a cordial good night to all the dear friends at home, the American woodsman wraps himself up in his blanket, and closing his eyes soon falls into that comfortable sleep which never fails him on such occasions.

HUMMING BIRDS IN BRAZIL.—Wherever a creeping vine opens its fragrant clusters, or wherever a tree-flower blooms, among these little things be seen. In the garden or in the woods, over the water, everywhere they are darting about; of all sizes, from one that might be easily mistaken for a different variety of bird, to the tiny Hermit, *T. ruficaster*, whose body is not half the size of the bees buzzing about the same sweets.

The blossoms of the inga-tree, as before remarked, bring them in great numbers about the rostinhas of the city, and the collector may shoot as fast as he can load the day. Sometimes they are seen chasing each other in sport with a rapidity of flight and intricacy of path the eye is puzzled to follow. Again, circling round and round, they rise high in mid air, then dart off like light to some distant attraction. Perched upon a little limb, they smooth their plumes, and seem to delight in their dazzling hues, then starting off leisurely, they skim along, stopping capriciously to kiss the coquetting flowers. Oft to meet in mid air, and furiously fight, their crests, and the feathers upon their throats all erected and blazing, and altogether pictures of the most violent rage. Several times we have seen them battling with large black bees, who frequent the same flowers, and may be supposed to interfere provokingly. Like lightning our little heroes would come down, but the coat of shining mail would ward their furious strokes. Again and again would they renew the attack, until their anger had expended itself by its own fury, or until the apathetic bee, once roused, had put forth powers that drove the invader from the field. A humming-bird alive in a glass cage. He had brought them down while, standing motionless in the air, they rifled the flowers, by balls of clay blown from a hollowed wood.—*Edwards's Voyage up the River Amazon.*

THE LOVE OF A MOTHER.—Who has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land; but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by weariness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity;—and, if in his fortune overtake him, he will be the dearest to her from his misfortunes; and if by disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world be aside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.—*Washington Irving.*

## A Memento for a Wife!

The following singular epistle was written, near the close of the 16th century, by the sole daughter and heiress of Sir John Spencer, esteemed the richest citizen of his day, as he died worth nearly a million sterling. Lord Compton, afterwards Earl of Northampton, the husband of the lady, was so transported with his wealth that he lost his wits for some years. Possibly, he was restored by discovering that his wife's "talent for expense" was equal to any fortune.

"My sweet Life,—now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, I suppose it were best for me to be think and consider within myself what allowance were meetest for me. I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your kind and loving wife, the sum of £2,000, quarterly to be paid. Also, I would beseech that allowance, have £600, quarterly to be paid, for the performance of charitable works; and those things I would not, neither will be, accountable for. Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lead but I, none borrow but me. Also, I would have two gentlemen, lest one should be sick, or have some other let; also, believe it, it is an undecent thing for a gentleman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate. Also, when I ride a-hunting or a-hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so for either of these said women I must and will have for either of them a horse. Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fine horses; and a coach for my women, lined with cloth, and laced with gold, otherwise with scarlet and laced with silver, with four good horses. Also, I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women. Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only coaches and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for us; orderly, not pestered my things with my women's, nor theirs with either chambermaid's, nor theirs with wash-maid's. Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before the carriages, to see all safe; and the chambermaids I will have go before, that the chamber may be ready, sweet, and clean. Also, for that it is undecent for me to crowd myself with my gentlemen-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse to attend me either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones. Also I would have put in my purse £2,000, and £200 and so to pay my jewels. Also I would have £6,000 to buy my debts, and £4,000 to buy me a pearl chain. Now, seeing I have done as reasonable unto you, I pray you do find my children apparel and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages. Also I will have all my houses furnished, and my lodging chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, four hangings, and such like. So for my drawing-chambers in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging.

Also my desire is that you would pay your debts, build up Ashley House, and purchase lands, and lend no money, as you love God, to my Lord Chamberlain, who would have all perhaps your life. \* \* \*

So now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what it is that I would not have, I pray you, when you be an Earl, to allow me £2,000 more than I now desire, and double attendance."

DR. PUSEY.—That last solemn chapter of Revelations was being read when I entered, that chapter which partakes of a character at once awful and melancholy, from the warning and farewell which it seems to convey to the reader, who there takes leave of the sacred volume, and hears as it were the valedictory words of the Evangelist fall upon the ear like the parting and sublime sentences of some sacred and holy writer. The incumbent was officiating; and in a few words from the pulpit, in a plain language, sat the man whose name is known throughout the kingdom,—arraigned on the platforms of our great cities, and pronounced with something like a supernatural sense of dread by the smallest coteries of the remotest village,—one of no high and haughty bearing, however, with authority in his eye, or commanding intellect enthroned on his brow; but, drooping his head meekly on his breast, he seemed rather to shrink from than challenge observation. Of all the simple people that crowded that simple church not one looked more humble or more unconscious of self, or of the stealthy or fixed glances which were directed to him from time to time by the stray comers, some of whom, I have little doubt, expected to see the celebrated Pusey (an heresiarch in the eyes at least of half the church) of some fearful outline, differing from other men in his form and visage. No horn, or cloven hoof, however, protruded to reward their curiosity, and more than that, they looked in vain, in his comparatively common-place and quiet face, for those traits which distinguish one man above another, and external mark that mind which pervades a sphere wider than that occupied by ordinary capacities. A stranger entering the church, on being pointed out a plain and apparently poor-spirited man, would hardly believe that was the person whose name every one there has been so familiar for the last ten years, who he would vainly look, not merely for the outward and visible signs of decision, penetration, and strength of will, but for any apparent evidence of the reasoning subtlety and profound learning which were so eminently the instruments with which what are called the Oxford school worked.—*The Church-goer.*

A TORNAPO AT SEA.—A rent in the darkness, exhibiting a patch of clear sky to the eastward, told us at once where the breeze was breaking through; and a rapidly approaching hissing, crackling sound that was coming with force and close to us. The fore-staysail filled and bagged out, the wind increased, and performed some very respectable pieces of music (some of them altogether new) through our rigging and ropes, as if we were only an Egyptian harp, placed in this predicament for the special amusement of some spirits of the air, who might be imagined to have lately discharged in mere wantonness the heavy guns with which we were at first saluted. "Pleasant music this," said I. "How do you head?" said my friend to the steersman. "West

by north, sir." "Well, keep her so." "Ay, ay, sir." Our worthy captain watched steadily the coming squall for a few minutes with a true seaman's eye. "Another hand to the wheel here," "Ay, ay, sir." "Now we have it. Hold on every fore and aft," was the last order given. The wind struck us with great violence, and seemed to lift up the stern of the vessel as it passed on. The bows were driven like a wedge into the sea, and the vessel trembled under the shock. Her head was gradually raised out of the water to its accustomed height, and away she flew over a foaming sea right before the hurricane. As we had now nearly the whole force of it, and a clear view before us, the captain's mind seemed more at ease, and he jocularly shouted, "The Hound is off now in a sharp hunt of it." His words were literally fulfilled, for we scudded, that is ran, before the hurricane for nearly five hours, through a perfect bed of foam, on a sea that was pressed flat or level by the great force of the wind. At last the sun rose, the storm gradually abated, flying-fish were springing out of the water about us, the golden yellow hue of the dolphin glittered as he bolted after them; beautifully speckled haggles flitted in our wake, and a few small whales showed themselves close to leeward of us, spouting the brush of water from their nose ends, and as it were, saying to us, "How do you feel after that?"

Well, in answer to this supposed salutation of our companions of the deep, I must say we felt now greatly relieved, all well, and safe, and the thoughtful part of the crew thanked Providence for his protection.—*Coulter's Adventures on the Western Coast of South America.*

THE FUNGUS FAMILY.—For the single mushroom that we eat how many hundreds there be that retaliate and prey upon us in return! To enumerate but a few, and these of the microscopic kind, (on the other side, are some which the arms can scarcely embrace), the *Mucor Mucedo*, that spawns upon our dried preserves; the *Ascocheta Mucedo*, that makes our bread mould; (mucide frusta farina), the *Uredo segetum*, that burns Cereals out of her own cornfields; the *Uredo rubigo*, whose rust is still more destructive; and the *Puccinia graminis*, whose voracity sets corn-laws and farmers at defiance, are all funguses! So is the grey *Monilia*, that rots, and then fattens upon, our fruits; and the *Mucor herbariorum*, that destroys the careful gleanings of the painstaking botanist.

When our beer becomes motley, the mother of that mischief is a fungus. If pickles acquire a bad taste, if ketchup turns rosy and putrefies, funguses have a finger in it all! Their reign stops not here: they prey upon each other; they even select their victims! There is the *Myrothecium aride*, which will only grow upon dry *Agarics*, preferring, chiefly, for this purpose, the *A. adustus*. The *Mucor chrysospermus*, which attacks the flesh of a particular *Boletus*; the *Sclerotium cornutum*, which visits some other moist mushrooms in decay. There are some *Xylomas* that will spot the leaves of the maple, and some those of the willow, exclusively. The naked seeds of some are found burrowing between the opposite surfaces of leaves; some leave the neighborhood of burnt stubble and charred wood; some visit the sculptor in his studio, growing up amidst the heaps of moistened marble dust that have caked and consolidated under his saw. The *Racodium* of the low cellar festoons its ceilings, shags its walls, and wraps its thick coat round our wine casks, keeping our oldest wine in closest bond; while the *Gastrum*, aspiring occasionally to leave this earth, has been found suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between it and the stars, on the very highest pinnacle of St. Paul's. The close cavities of nuts occasionally afford concealment to some species; others, like leeches, stick to the bulbs of plants and suck them dry; these (the architect's and ship-builder's bane), pick timber to pieces, as men pick oakum; nor do they confine their ravages to plants alone, they attack themselves to animal structures and destroy animal life; the *Orygia equina* has a particular fancy for the hoofs of horses and for the horns of cattle, sticking to these alone; the belly of a tropical fly is liable in autumn to break out into vegetable tufts of fungus growth; and the caterpillar to carry about on his body a *Clavaria* larger than himself. The disease called *Muscadine*, which destroys so many silk worms, is also a fungus, (*Botrytis Bassiana*), which in a very short time completely fills the worm with filaments very unlike those it is in the habit of secreting. \* \* \* Lastly, and to take breath, funguses visit the wards of our hospitals, and grow out of the products of surgical disease. Where, then, are they not to be found? Do they not abound, like Pharaoh's plagues, everywhere? Is not their name legion, and their province ubiquity?—*Dr. Badham's Treatise on Funguses.*

A PEVISH OLD SCOTSWOMAN.—The following lively representation of a peevish old Scotswoman in humble life, who takes a pleasure in grumbling at all that is done for her, occurs in a recently published novel, *Self-Devotion*.

"Well, Elspet," said Katherine, in a cheerful tone, "how's the cough to-day?" I could not come to see you yesterday, but I hope you got the nice mixture I sent you over by Jennie." "O, I'm expectin' ye to come," said the old dame in reply, when her guests had seated themselves on two stools beside her: "I'm an auld withered stock noo, not able to serve any body myself, so I canna expect service fraeither folk." "I see warrant ye'll be braver friends to look after than poor Elspet," and she eyed Marion sourly, as if she suspected her of intruding on her own privileges. "Well, but you got the mixture; and it brought you a good night's rest, did it not?" pursued Katherine, without noticing the insinuation. "Rest! 'twas the indignant reply: "awee! I wot it was a windless rest on a windy night then. I ne'er had sic a night's sleep ever I lookt it: I just hoist and hoist even on, and never devalued. Na, na, it's name o' yere drugs that's to cure a host like mine: naething 'll'er cure it but the spade an' the shool. Gin ye had sent me a drap o' o' the grand bottle ye promised to Peggy neist-by, there, I might have pitten it into my bowl o' gruel, and been mair the better o' it. But I dinna ken, I weel how to fleech ye as she does, or I might have gotten it too." "You're tired of the raspberry vinegar, then?" said Katherine: "why, Elspet, you had only to send Ivan to the manse, and you should have found your glass of sherry in five minutes, you stupid body." "Na, Miss Randolph," answered Elspet, in a tone of triumph: "na, na, I'm no just come to the length o' a beggar yet, though I dinna refuse the bits and brats ye send me on your pleasure. I'm soder bred, Miss Katherine, but I'm major minded, an' I'll ne'er ask anybody for mair than I may jalousie they're no willing to gie me!" Now, Elspet, hold your tongue, replied Ka-

therine, with invincible good humor. "You know very well that you would not me with all your heart, if you had a desire for anything that I could give you; if it were only for the sake of gratifying me; and you shall have the wine for to-night's gruel whenever I go home. How does the new toy I sent you yesterday please you? You are looking quite handsome in it, I think." "O, it's nae that ill," answered Elspet, reluctantly, and as if at a loss for how the blue comes off on my clean mutchie!" and she pushed back the hood of colored flannel as she spoke. "I'll land me a daichiein! an' washin' then, and ruin me for sape forbye." "Never mind that, Elspet, it will only give you an excuse for putting on a clean one every day, and that's what delights you," answered Katherine. "Has been seen you lately?" "O, ay, honest man," replied the dame, with a wonderful accession of respect in her tone: "I was here this morning, and gied me a lang discourse on the cheerfulness o' a Christian hope. Hech, me! ho folk will be themselves w' the moony things o' sinfu' unsubstantial wairld: gin a' body as little wairld's gear as I hae, there's the less to fash them."

TURTLE FISHING.—Cookran, who is very numerous in their parts, particularly at Kanepa, the extremity of the bay, where small vessels take in cedar for Sydney. Intelligent black natives, whom I met at Brisbane, when about the middle of December, when asked when the turtle would come to the bay, held up five fingers in reply, saying, "that moon," signifying that they would come about the middle of May. The greatest excitement prevails in hunting the turtle, for it can scarcely be called fish, black natives being always of the party, and uniformly the principal performers. The deepest silence must prevail, and, the slightest noise is made by any of the Europeans of the party, the natives, who assume the direction of affairs, from